**Being In Love is My Nature**

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# Being In Love is My Nature

by amoralagent

Summary

> *Hannibal moved his numbed hand into Will's hair and muttered something in Italian. Will glanced up at him briefly, eyes half-lidded: "What have I said about quoting Dante first thing?"*
>
> In a hammock, in the midday sun, they laze around and talk about Dante and Molly and nightmares. Fluff and sweetness, really. That's about it.

Notes

> Title: Love: Poems by Pablo Neruda

The early afternoon sunlight kept getting interrupted by passing clouds, but when it did appear, Hannibal had to shade Will's closed eyes from it with a strategically placed arm. He moved his hand under his head so the line of his bent elbow could shadow the most part of a sleeping Will's face, who, by the way, can create an impressive amount of drool into the material of Hannibal's favourite jumper within a short amount of time. Worse than a dog. Christ knows how he managed to fall asleep outside in the middle of a rather cold day, let alone in a hammock.

Hannibal had been enjoying some light reading- Nietzsche, no less- when Will appeared at the sliding glass doors, heavy alpaca-wool blanket still around his shoulders and rubbing an eye, mumbling something about sleeplessness in Hannibal's absence. When he padded over he lowered a hand to fiddle with Hannibal's long hair tied into a bun and squinted in daylight, leaning down to give a lingering kiss. The far more awake one of the two put his book neatly on the grass and allowed Will to haphazardly clamber into the makeshift bed, kissing his face and circling fingers in his hair and down his back until he was out cold.

Hannibal could only rest his eyes too and keep one foot on the floor to gently rock the hammock, quietly hoping he wouldn't wake up, for his own sake- even if the circulation in his left arm was slowly being cut-off from the weight of Will's head. Birds sang somewhere far away, the calmed wind claiming any noise away and shushing it. He thought it was a shame that they couldn't see or hear the sea from this angle, instead blocked by shrubbery and the dunes beyond, ever waxing and waning. With the weather so unhappy, the waves would probably be sweeping and winding, more grey than blue, frothing at the mouth, loud and crashing.

Will's hand tucked itself underneath Hannibal's ribs ever so slightly, and his eyes fluttered open, only to close again with a disgruntled sigh. Hannibal moved his numbed hand into Will's hair and muttered something in Italian. Will glanced up at him briefly, eyes half-lidded: "What have I said about quoting Dante first thing?"

Hannibal hummed, judging by the vibration in his chest, and smiled a little, "*First thing* doesn't account for the afternoon, my dear Will."

Another sigh and an adjustment of his position, closing his eyes again, "What did you even say?"

"Beauty awakens the soul to act."

*"Beauty? ...*Not *love?"*

"Are the two collectively exhaustive?"

Will considered it for a moment, a small scowl forming, "I don't think so." He looked like he was about to say something else, his mouth opening for a moment only to close again, sighing once more: "The only thing that's exhausting is you."

"Apparently so." Hannibal smiled slightly, Will repositioning on top of him to rest his chin atop Hannibal's sternum, moving in between his legs. Obviously, judging by the look on his eye, his interest had been piqued in spite of his freshly woken state. Hannibal embellished: "All that a person loves is not beautiful. But beauty is as subjective as love is."

"It sounds better to say love awakens the soul. It sounds so, um-- superficial, otherwise." Will would've waved a manneristic hand up to add to his dismissal but didn't, Hannibal noting the feeling of his fingers twitching under his back, "Prosaic, even."

"Beauty is more than appearance." The sun came out before he spoke and Will had to squint against it, his eyes lighting up a livid blue-green, washed out whiter, like a dawn sky. Apt.

"Says the guy who wears three-piece suits." He countered, a smile teasing at the corners of his mouth, eyes narrowing further in mock scrutiny, "Not calling me ugly, are you?"

"That would be blasphemous, Will." Sunlight vanished again but Will's gaze remained searching. Hannibal drank in the sight to file it away as a drawing reference for a later date, watching Will watch him: "I suppose you've recovered from your nightmare last night?" Eye contact broke, then. A contemplative but doubtful hum came in response.

"It wasn't anything particularly morbid. I've forgotten most of it already." That second part was a lie, Hannibal could tell. His left thumb traced Will's cheekbone, watching his distracted eyes fall back to look into his: "You're good at calming me down." He shrugged with one shoulder, a gentle smile on his lips making his eyes soften.

"Is that a compliment?"

His smile turned into a grin, mischievously coy: *"Maybe."* Hannibal smiled in turn and raised an eyebrow.

"You're so parsimonious with your compliments." When he said it he sounded amused. At a stretch, flattering.

Will's smile grew, his tone jovial, crossing his feet at the heel, "Thank you?"

"It's as if saying something nice to another person would cost you something." Hannibal observed, all insightful and analytical, and Will *almost* managed to stop the distaste becoming apparent in his expression, "It makes it all the more gracious when you do."

"Hm--" Will laid back on Hannibal's chest, ear pressed against his ribs, able to hear his heart: "You nearly redeemed yourself there."

Will could see the question coming from a mile-off, confirmed when he felt a hand wind into his hair and scratching at his scalp, like it would glean the answer from him, "What did you dream of, amante?" *Oh*, how Will cringed, only inwardly, stifling an eye-roll so drastic he might've snapped something. Fair play to him: when he sighed it was spectacularly underplayed.

For a long moment, he tried to think of a good way to say it with minimal impact- *wife?... ex-wife?*- but decided on *fuck it*, "It was about Molly." Hannibal's hand didn't still in it's movements in his hair, if anything they were more pronounced. Will realised he was still rocking the hammock with the ball of his foot, too.

"What about her?" *Her*.

Will didn't look up, "Crass, Hannibal."

"Forgive me if I'm reluctant to show interest in your past intimacies." Came the smooth reply, twiddling one of Will's curls around his index finger.

"You asked." Will remarked, huffing.

"I did indeed, but I wasn't expecting that answer." Will did look up at him then, stubble present on his jaw and silvery messy bun, wrapped up in the soft sweater that didn't make him any less impressive. It didn't make sense how he could still looking imposing from this double-chin inducing angle, "Nor am I happy to hear it."

"It wasn't anything bad."

"Bad suggesting what?"

Will remained nonchalant, watching Hannibal's expression: "Sexual." Hannibal considered this, the images that passed in his mind making his stomach twist a little, and tried concentrating on his breathing to relax himself. Will saw it when his pupils dilated in that animalistic way that sometimes they did, when provoked. He gave a tight-lipped smile like a consolation: "It wasn't violent, either. She was just *there*. Looking... *vexed."*

Hannibal's hand fell to stroke lightly over Will's shoulder, not feeling the scar tissue, but being oddly aware of its presence, "How did it make you feel?"

Will sighed passably, "It was weird-- I didn't like it." Both statements were true, but he left out that twinge of guilt he'd initially felt, "She felt like an intruder." He lifted himself up and shimmied to lean over Hannibal, framing his face with both hands, "I'd rather see you in my dreams, really." Hannibal's eyes were gentle and warm, but otherwise indifferent.

"You know what they say about flattery, Will." But Hannibal's hands found Will's waist all the same, drawing circles on the small of his back.

"Well, it seems to get me *everywhere*."

"Is that so?"

"Jealousy does suit you, just-- not like this. You look softer today, for once, why spoil that?" He sounded so honest- even in his sincere eye contact- brushing a stray hair from Hannibal's eye with a finger and practically staring. To ruin conversations with mentions of exes is bad for most people, heightened with them, after all they'd been through. It was a *fucking* miracle they could even have conversations, all things considered. Will felt unsettled by it most of all. Despite it, Hannibal appeared entirely focused on him and it made him smile.

"You tell me." Hannibal offered, looking downright besotted.

Will studied how the sun reflected on his skin and hair, some kind of ethereality to it: "Y'know what? As exhausting as you are, you sure are beautiful." It was Hannibal's turn to sigh then, "And I guess I kind of love you. Perhaps." He goaded, leaning in close until Hannibal pulled him down and kissed him, finding himself laughing into it.

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